

# AN ELEGIE, ON THE DEATH OF THE THRICE VALIANT

and worthy Collonell, *John Luttrell*; VVho in defence of the *King and Parliament*, and for the Maintenance of the true Protestant Religion, was slaine the  
28. of January, 1644.



At *Milverton* in *Summerset-shire*.



**A** Wake my Muse O! wilt thou slumber still?  
and give free reins unto licentious will.  
Canst thou evade the censure of the wise?  
or thinke to purblind, the quicke sighted  
of all ingenious minds, that in pretence (eyes?

of usefull recreation, and defence  
of Lawfull libertie, thou shouldst indeed  
let thrive and cherish, that pestiferous weed.  
Of selfe contenting Lazines, nothing breeds  
in Lands untild, but fire deserving weeds,  
shall Th' azure Heavens loose such glorious Starrs?  
such Worthies perish by intestine Warres?  
and My much losse, one heavie teare ne'er shed,  
Upon his herse as if *Medusæ's* head,  
had thee bewitched, Unvaile thy face for shame  
and discant on, the honourable name  
of thrice Renowned *Luttrell*, whose death  
I thinke hath stop't, the passage of thy breath.  
O! come, O! come, and add one mournfull verse  
Upon his livelesse much lamented hearse,  
feare not derision, for the Thundring noise  
of Cannons, Musquets, Pistols, and the voice,  
of his untimely Mourners, will prevent  
the Critick's eye, or any discontent.  
And must wee part with thee: *Deare Luttrell*?  
Whom all the furies, and the force of Hell  
Ne'er durst affront by *Sol's* refulgent Light  
but such attempts Treason concealing night  
is apt to further when the Sonnes of earth  
doe worke their spight; accursed from their birth  
be such a Hell bred-cruel, let vengeance seaze  
on such a bloody God Contemning rase  
that hath Eclipsed our glorie, made us moutne  
and shed our helples Teares before his urne,  
That was our peerles Patriot, who stood,  
neglecting private ends for Countries good:  
Prest to regaine, thy Countries Right by legall  
Inducements, not to part with it by Regall,  
the favour of the Court could never bend  
him to Coact; For their Luxurious end  
Stay passenger then, for be thou friend or foe  
unto the truth, yet let me tell thee though,  
in sad Characters, and lament his fate.  
Who was so true a stander with the state,  
No private aim's importun'd his desire  
Sinister ends, nor made him to aspire  
he only labour'd for the good of all  
and in so doing fortun'd for to fall.  
A spirit endow'd, with all Heroick parts  
of nobie actions, conquishing all hearts,

Take all those worthies of whom we read, and then  
compar'd; he may be cal'd the Man of men,  
So truly good, so modest, grave, and wise  
so upright and so just in each mans eyes,  
so prudent, and to vertue so propence  
to innocence, a Tower of strong defence.  
O! had he had a longer time to stay  
and to his fate, had not been forc'd a pray,  
Till in the Full Fruition and respect  
of his great favour wee had found th' effect,  
and in the spring time of his prosperous glory,  
not unto us to prov'd so transitory,  
O! *Devon, Devon*, doe nothing but weep  
because thy keeper *Luttrell* lyes asleep,  
brave blamles *Luttrell* in his actions just,  
so liv'd and so returned to the dust;  
his fame doth flie shall never be forgot  
his body may, his name shall never rot.  
I doe not thinke it fit to straine a verse  
to vertue's praise but plainly to rehearse  
those holy merits many more have seene  
then I, and whereof I have witnesse beene,  
Farwell Great Champion whose heart blood did seale,  
thy good affections to thy countries weale,  
But O! and canst thou stand and stare so long  
and know he's dead, yet doe him such a wrong,  
as not to weep, nor sigh, nor shed a teare,  
to see such worth inshrind and shrowded here  
Or if thou carest not for his life and blood  
lament the losse unto the common good,  
but goe, O goe, why doe we stand to read  
unlesse we could recall him from the dead  
Goe hence and leave him, let him take his rest,  
Earth hath his body, but the Heavens his best.  
Yet 'tis my greife to see my verse dissolve  
thus into teares, when I his worth revolve.

Such is the anguish of my wounded breast,  
I cannot speake, but must weep out the rest.

*John Luttrell* 3 0062  
Anagram.  
*Oh live etern'll.*

Verse.

Oh live etern'll, though from us retir'd  
thy name and fames eternall and admyr'd.

By Captain *William Mercer*.